

ACTION

DEADLY
DANGER AMID
CIRCUS THRILLS!

PICTURE
LIBRARY
No. 7 One Shilling

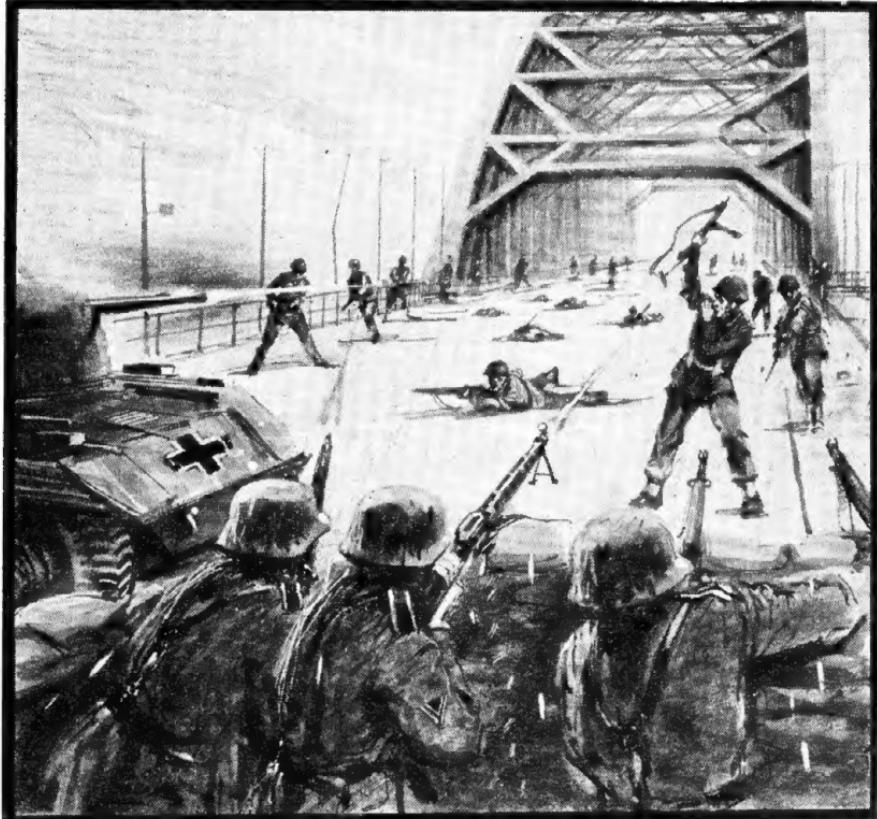


WALL of DEATH

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

LIEUTENANT JOHN GRAYBURN of the Parachute Regiment was dropped with his platoon on the 17th September, 1944, with orders to take the bridge at Arnhem. He led the assault against heavy fire from the enemy and was almost immediately wounded. Despite his wound, Grayburn continued to attack until heavy casualties forced him to withdraw. Throughout the following days he led his men magnificently—



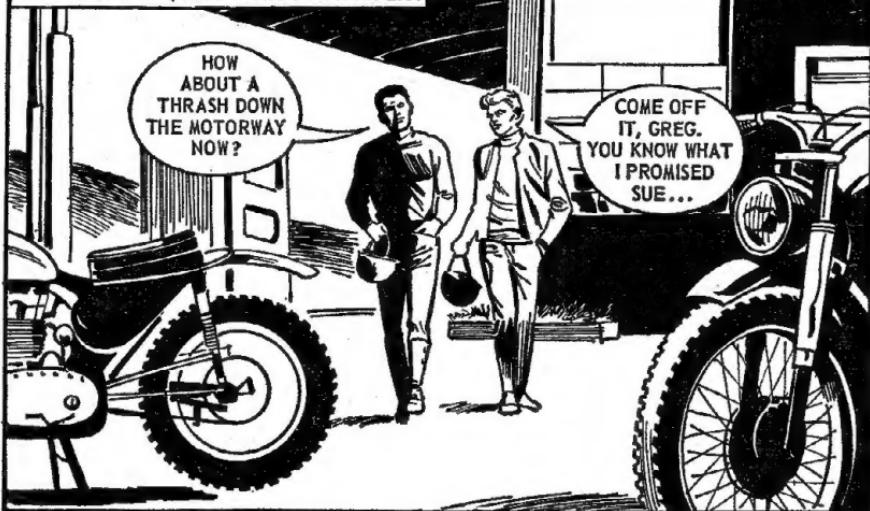
constantly exposing himself to the enemy's fire while encouraging his men. Finally he occupied a house vital to the defence of the bridge. This he held until an enemy tank came so close that the position became untenable. Despite being once again wounded he brought his men to safety, but he was killed on the night of the withdrawal. For his supreme gallantry over a period of three days, Lieutenant Grayburn was awarded the Victoria Cross.

WALL OF DEATH

FOR THE SPELLBOUND AUDIENCE, A CIRCUS MEANS THRILLS AND GLAMOUR - FOR THE PERFORMERS IT MEANS SAWDUST AND SWEAT. BUT FOR GREG LOMAX, THE CIRCUS MEANT MURDER...



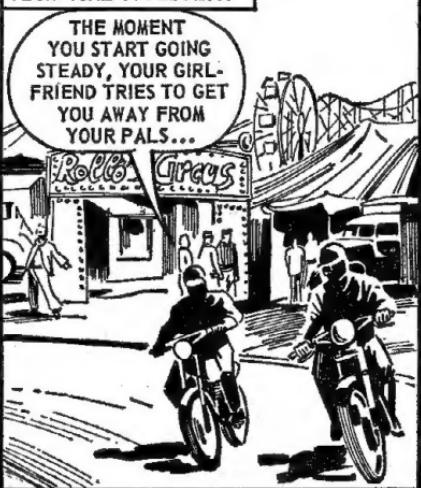
THE TWO YOUNGSTERS HAD EATEN A MEAL IN A MOTORWAY CAFÉ ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE NORTH-EASTERN CITY OF COLEPORT. IT WAS A WARM SUMMER EVENING, JUST RIGHT FOR A RIDE...



GREG LOMAX WAS NINETEEN, AND HIS FRIEND, NICKY MARTIN, A YEAR YOUNGER...

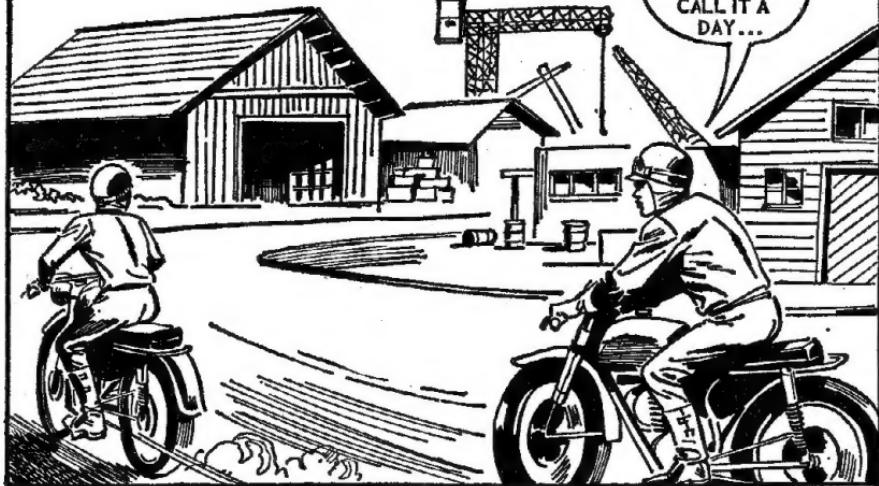


GREG HAD A NOT-UNJUSTIFIED REPUTATION FOR RECKLESSNESS, BUT HE HAD SOBERED DOWN A LOT SINCE LEAVING THE COLEPORT TECHNICAL COLLEGE...



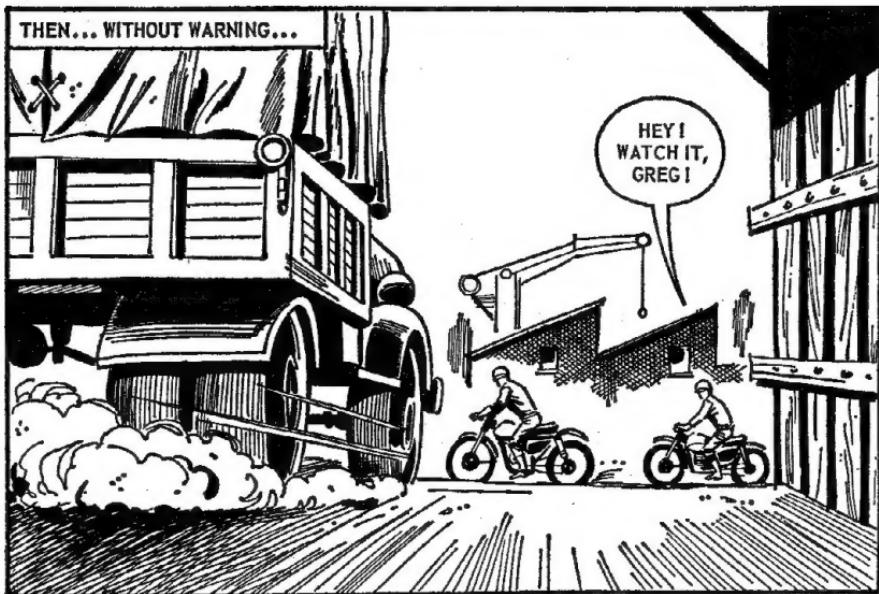
THE TWO YOUNGSTERS WERE CRUISING STEADILY AS THEY TURNED ON TO THE ROAD WHICH LED THROUGH THE DOCK AREA...

WE'LL DETOUR ROUND THE DOCKS, THEN CALL IT A DAY...



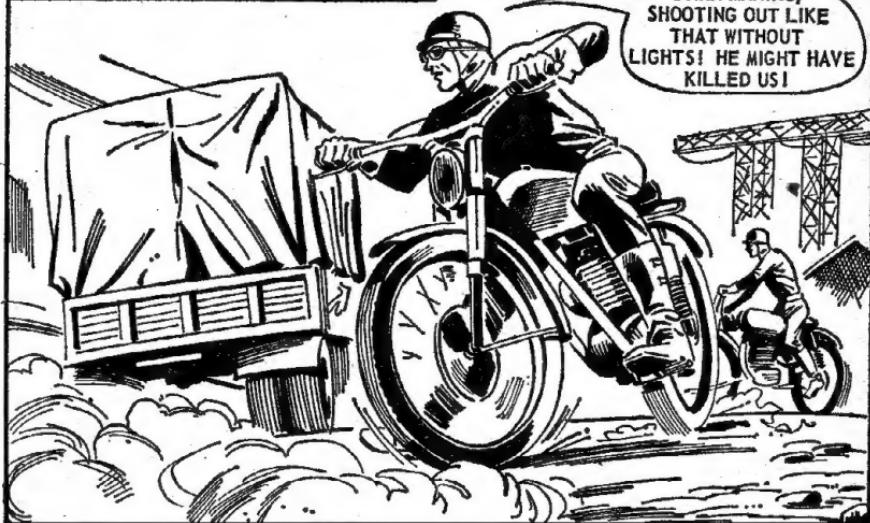
THEN... WITHOUT WARNING...

HEY!
WATCH IT,
GREG!



GREG WRENCHED HIS BIKE AWAY, FIGHTING THE SKID, AS THE DARKENED TRUCK SWEEPED ON UP THE ROAD WITH A CRASH OF GEARS...

DARN MANIAC,
SHOOTING OUT LIKE
THAT WITHOUT
LIGHTS! HE MIGHT HAVE
KILLED US!



NICKY WOULD HAVE LEFT IT AT THAT, BUT GREG WAS A TOUGHER CHARACTER WITH A MORE STUBBORN TEMPER. SLAMMING THE THROTTLE OPEN HE SET OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE SPEEDING TRUCK...

I'LL TEAR
STRIPS OFF THAT
PINHEAD OF A
DRIVER!



THERE WERE THREE MEN IN THE TRUCK'S CAB —
THREE MEN WITH SOMETHING TO HIDE...

THEY'RE
COMING AFTER
US, BOSS...

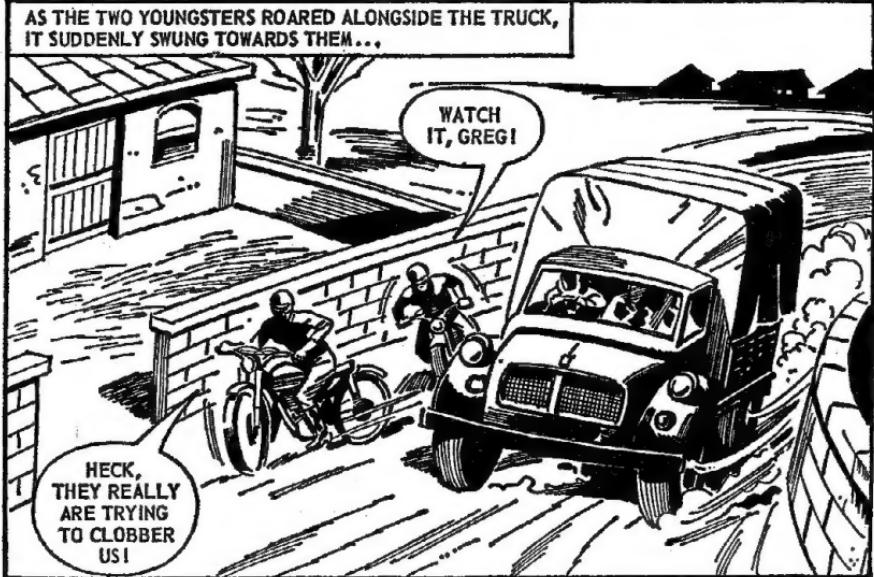
THE DARN
KIDS WOULD BE
STOOGING AROUND
WHEN WE LEFT
THE WAREHOUSE...
IT'S BAD LUCK...
FOR THEM...



AS THE TWO YOUNGSTERS ROARED ALONGSIDE THE TRUCK,
IT SUDDENLY SWUNG TOWARDS THEM...

WATCH
IT, GREG!

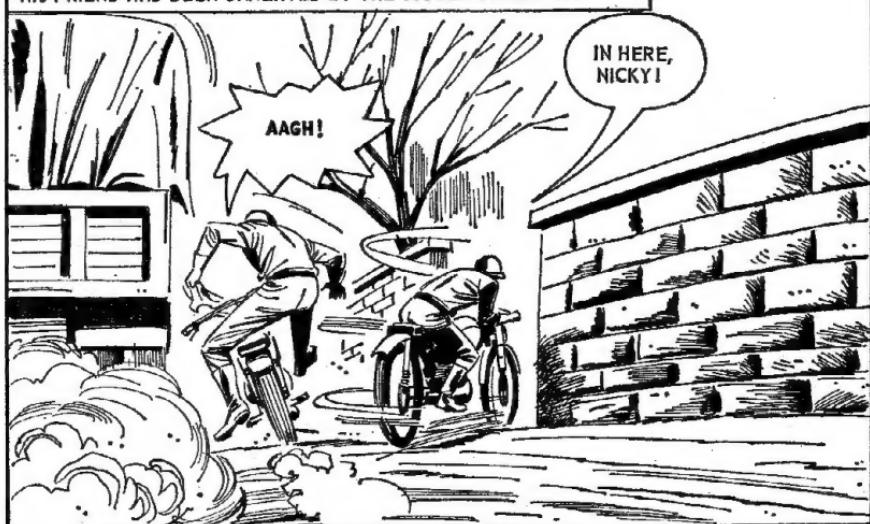
HECK,
THEY REALLY
ARE TRYING
TO CLOBBER
US!



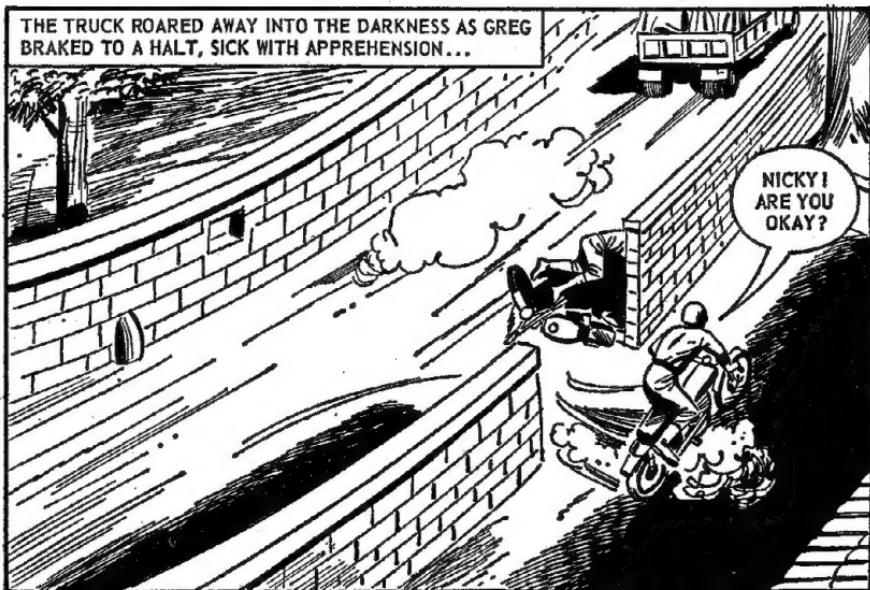
THE TRUCK'S MANOEUVRE WAS A DELIBERATE AND COLD-BLOODED ATTEMPT TO RUN DOWN THE TWO YOUNGSTERS...



LUCK AND AN ICE-COLD NERVE SAVED GREG FROM DISASTER... BUT HIS FRIEND HAD BEEN UNNERVED BY THE SUDDEN DANGER...



THE TRUCK ROARED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS AS GREG BRAKED TO A HALT, SICK WITH APPREHENSION...



NICKY WAS LYING HUDDLED BESIDE THE WALL, DEATHLY STILL...



GREG WAS JUST ABOUT TO RIDE FOR HELP, WHEN A POLICE CAR ON A ROUTINE PATROL CAME CRUISING ALONG THE DOCK ROAD...



THE INCIDENT WAS ROUTINE TO THE TWO POLICEMEN...



AS GREG STARTED TO TELL HIS STORY, THE CAR-RADIO BROKE IN...



BUT WHEN GREG TOLD HIS STORY...



THE POLICE HAD MADE UP THEIR MINDS THAT GREG WAS LYING...

HEAD INJURIES...
MAYBE
HE'S GOT A
CHANCE...

LOOK,
YOU'VE GOT
TO BELIEVE
ME...

YOU CAN MAKE
A STATEMENT LATER,
LOMAX. BUT TAKE MY
ADVICE - STICK TO THE
TRUTH, AND LEAVE THAT
NON-EXISTENT TRUCK
OUT OF IT!

GREG WATCHED THE AMBULANCE MEN DRIVE AWAY, NUMB WITH SHOCK...

THEY
DON'T WANT
TO BELIEVE THE
TRUTH. IT DOESN'T
SQUARE WITH THEIR
IDEA OF
ME...

THAT WAS WHEN HE NOTICED THE PIECE OF CLOTH LYING IN THE ROADWAY...

NICKY WAS HOLDING
THIS WHEN I GOT TO HIM.
HE MUST HAVE GRABBED IT OFF
THE TRUCK. THERE ARE
SEQUINS ON IT...

AT THE COLEPORT GENERAL HOSPITAL, AN HOUR LATER...

HOW IS HE, DOCTOR?

WELL HE'S STILL IN A COMA - AND HE MAY NOT COME OUT OF IT. BUT IF YOU WILL SCORCH ABOUT ON THOSE BIKES OF YOURS, THIS SORT OF THING IS BOUND TO HAPPEN...



NICKY'S MOTHER, AND HIS FIANCÉE SUE BARNARD, HAD JUST ARRIVED...



BUT LIKE THE POLICE, SUE THOUGHT IT WAS GREG'S RECKLESS RIDING WHICH HAD CAUSED THE ACCIDENT...

IF RICKY
DIES, GREG,
IT'LL BE YOUR
FAULT!



AS THE HOURS PASSED, WITHOUT ANY CHANGE IN NICKY'S GRAVE CONDITION, GREG BEGAN TO THINK THAT SOME OF THE BLAME WAS HIS...

MAYBE
SUE'S RIGHT.
NICKY WOULD BE
OKAY NOW IF
I HADN'T GONE
AFTER THAT TRUCK...



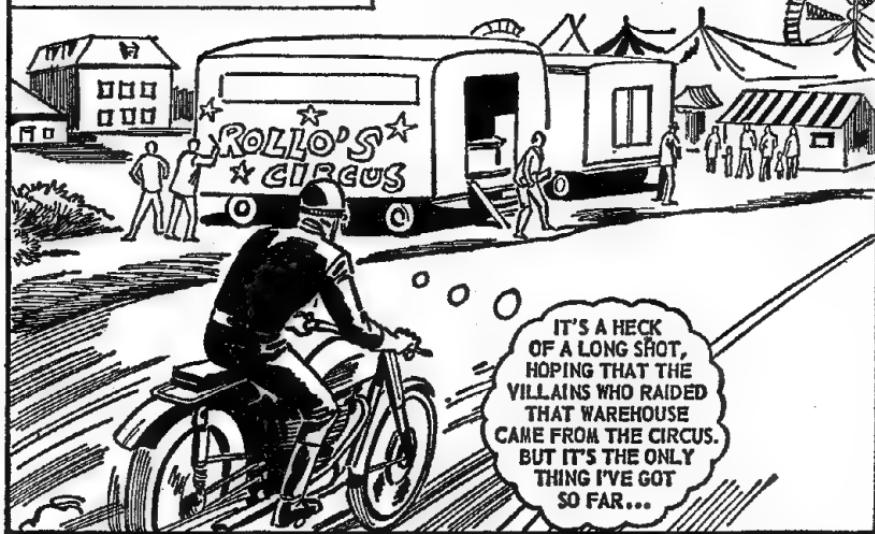
WANT A
LOOK AT
TODAY'S PAPER,
MATE? I'VE
FINISHED WITH
IT...

THE CLOTH GREG HAD PICKED UP IN THE DOCK WAS STILL IN HIS POCKET. AN ITEM IN THE NEWSPAPER REMINDED HIM OF IT.

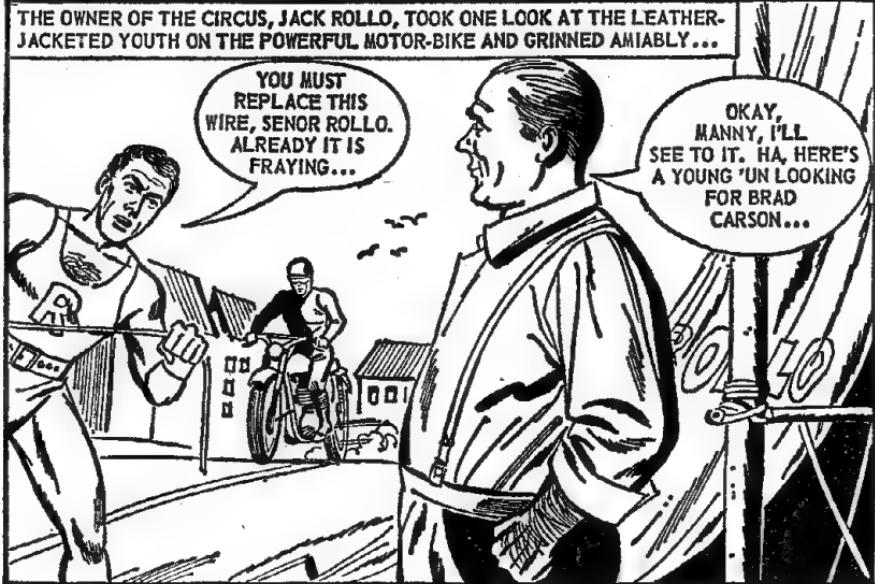
I WONDER...
A CIRCUS IS THE
PLACE YOU'D EXPECT
TO FIND SOMETHING
LIKE THIS...



AT MIDDAY, GREG RODE OUT OF THE CITY TO THE FAIRGROUND HE AND NICKY HAD PASSED THE NIGHT BEFORE...



THE OWNER OF THE CIRCUS, JACK ROLLO, TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE LEATHER-JACKETED YOUTH ON THE POWERFUL MOTOR-BIKE AND GRINNED AMIABLY...



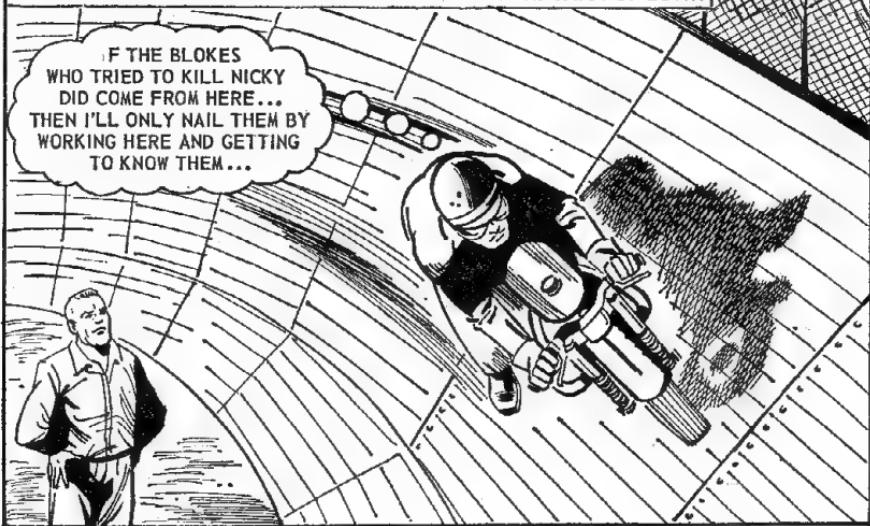
GREG DID NOT KNOW WHY ROLLO HAD ASSUMED HE WANTED THE WALL OF DEATH. BUT HE TOOK THE CHANCE OF LOOKING AROUND AND WENT THERE...



GREG ACCEPTED THE NUDGE FATE WAS GIVING HIM...



IT NEEDED SKILL AND A COOL NERVE TO HOLD THE MACHINE ON THE SLOPING BOARDS OF THE INVERTED BOWL. BUT GREG HAD A LOT OF BOTH.



GREG OPENED THE THROTTLE WARILY, GAINING SPEED AND HEIGHT UNTIL HE WAS FLASHING AROUND THE VERY TOP OF THE WALL A FEW FEET BELOW THE RIM...

OKAY,
COME ON
DOWN! THE
JOB'S YOURS
IF YOU WANT
IT....

THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I HOPED TO
HEAR, MISTER
CARSON...

WHEN GREG REACHED THE BOTTOM,
BRAD CARSON SPOKE TO HIM SERIOUSLY...

I'LL BE
HONEST WITH
YOU, KID. THE
MAN WHO'S PLACE
YOU'RE TAKING, WAS
CARRIED OUT OF THE
WALL A MONTH
AGO ON A
STRETCHER...

I'M NOT
SCARED, MISTER
CARSON... BUT I'VE
GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS
TO DO BEFORE I
DECIDE...

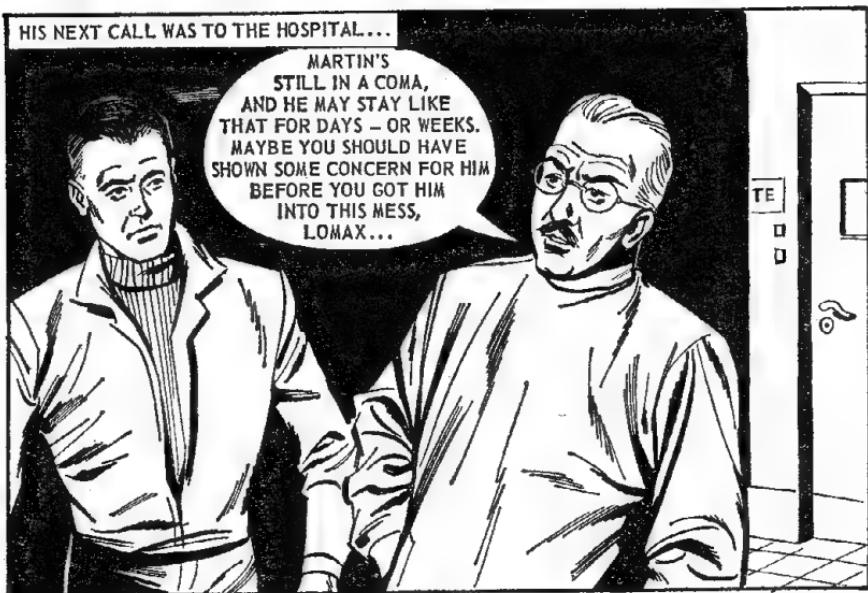
TWO HOURS LATER, GREG CALLED AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



WITH THE ACCIDENT NOT CLEARED UP, GREG KNEW HE HAD TO REPORT HIS ABSENCE TO THE POLICE. HE NEED NOT HAVE WORRIED...



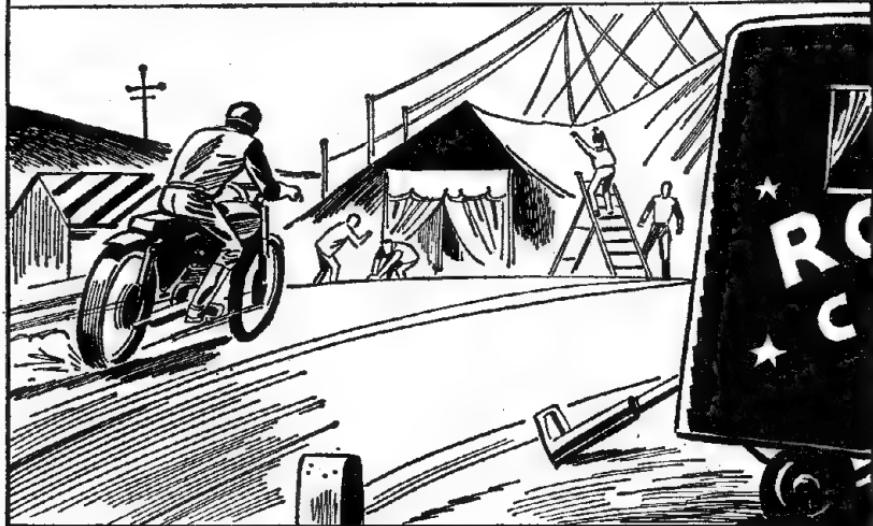
HIS NEXT CALL WAS TO THE HOSPITAL...



THE REACTION OF GREG'S EMPLOYER FINALLY DECIDED HIM...



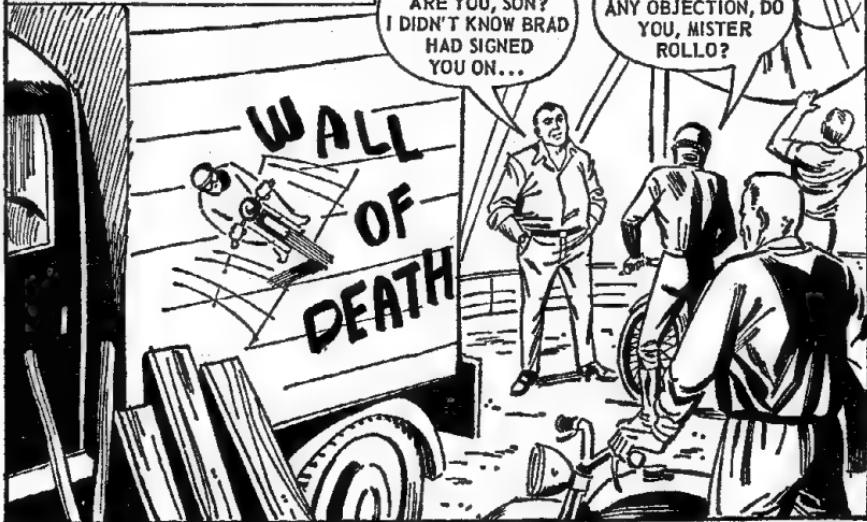
THAT NIGHT, AS THE BIG TOP WAS BEING STRUCK ON THE FAIRGROUND, GREG LOMAX HEADED OUT OF COLEPORT ON THE FIRST STAGE OF A JOURNEY INTO DANGER...



THE CIRCUS OWNER MET GREG AS HE WAS LOOKING FOR BRAD CARSON...

HITCHING UP WITH US,
ARE YOU, SON?
I DIDN'T KNOW BRAD
HAD SIGNED
YOU ON...

YOU
DON'T HAVE
ANY OBJECTION, DO
YOU, MISTER
ROLLO?



BRAD CARSON SPOKE SLOWLY, WITHOUT HEAT, BUT IT WAS A VOICE YOU LISTENED TO...

THE WALL OF DEATH HAD BEEN DISMANTLED AND STOWED IN THE BRIGHTLY-PAINTED ROAD TRUCK...



ROLLO'S CIRCUS MOVED OUT OF COLEPORT THE NEXT DAY, A SLOW CONVOY MOVING SOUTH TOWARDS A GRIMY INDUSTRIAL TOWN...

WE'LL BE THREE WEEKS IN KILVERTON,
TIME TO IRON OUT SOME
OF THE KINKS IN THE SHOW!
DRESS REHEARSAL TOMORROW
BEFORE THE FIRST
PERFORMANCE!



THE NEXT DAY, IMPATIENT TO BEGIN HIS INVESTIGATION, GREG GOT TIME OFF FROM PRACTICE AND MADE FOR THE BIG TOP...

I'VE GOT
TO CHECK OUT
THAT CLUE I FOUND...
THE SCRAP OF CLOTH
WITH THE SEQUINS
ON IT...



THE DRESS REHEARSAL WAS IN PROGRESS,
AND THE SHADY ALLEYWAYS BEHIND
THE MAIN RING WERE DESERTED...



GREG SOON FOUND WHAT HE WAS
LOOKING FOR...



GREG WENT TO LIFT THE COSTUME OFF ITS PEG WHEN A GROTESQUE
FACE THRUST ITSELF WITH HEART-STOPPING SUDDENNESS BETWEEN THE RACKS...



THE CLOWN LUNGED AT GREG FIERCELY, CLUTCHING FOR THE SCRAP OF CLOTH HE HELD...

WHERE
DID YOU
GET THAT,
KID? WHAT'S
YOUR GAME?
GIVE IT
HERE?

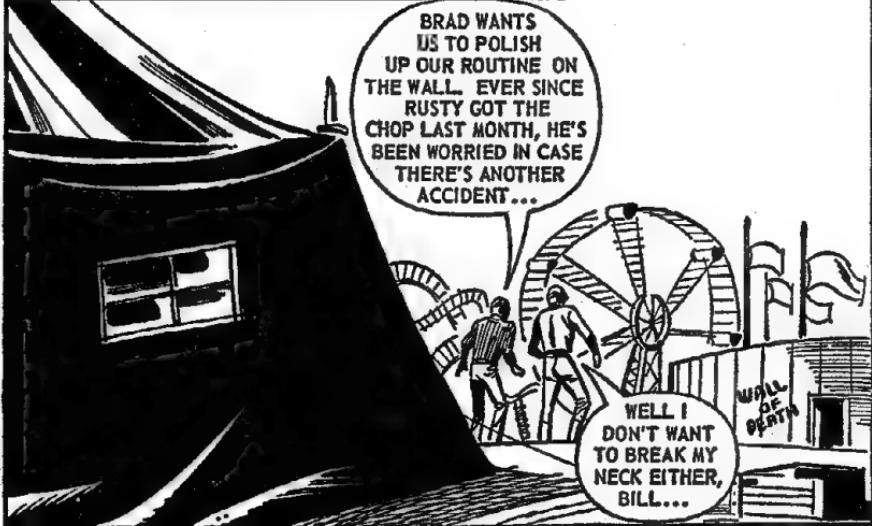
NOT LIKELY!
AND IT'S ME WHO'S
GOING TO ASK THE
QUESTIONS...

SUDDENLY GREG'S CO-RIDER ON THE WALL OF DEATH
APPEARED. THE CLOWN'S VOICE DROPPED MENACINGLY...

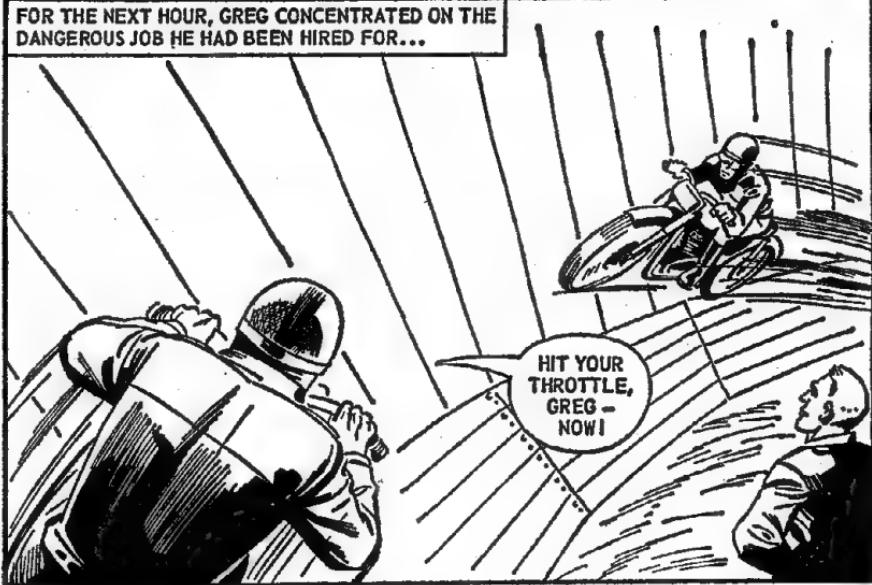
THERE YOU ARE,
GREG. COME ON,
WE'VE GOT
WORK TO DO...

KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT,
KID, YOU HEAR? I'LL
TALK TO YOU
LATER...

GREG THRUST THE SCRAP OF CLOTH INTO HIS POCKET AND JOINED BILL LEADBETTER OUTSIDE...



FOR THE NEXT HOUR, GREG CONCENTRATED ON THE DANGEROUS JOB HE HAD BEEN HIRED FOR...



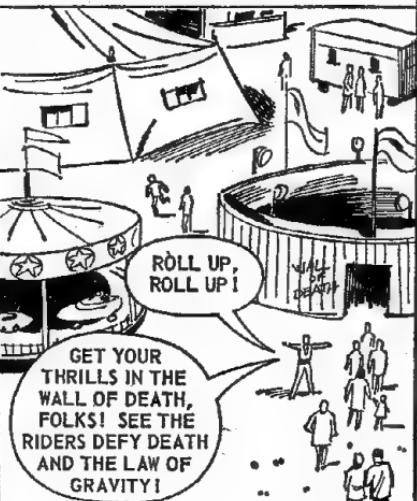
BILL WAS A TALKATIVE CHARACTER... TOO TALKATIVE FOR BRAD CARSON, WHO APPEARED AS THEY WERE FINISHING THEIR WORKOUT...



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, BRAD LEFT...



THAT NIGHT, ROLLO'S CIRCUS AND FAIR-GROUND OPENED ITS NEON-LIT GATES TO THE CITIZENS OF KILVERTON...



IN THE ROARING WOODEN BOWL OF THE WALL OF DEATH, THE PACKED CROWD GASPED AS BILL AND GREG HURLED THEIR MACHINES THROUGH THE DANGEROUS DUO ROUTINE...



TEN MINUTES LATER, GREG'S FIRST PERFORMANCE ENDED...



GREG STRODE ACROSS THE PATCHWORK OF SHADOWS AND LIGHT TOWARDS THE BIG TOP...



THE CLOWN, ALREADY IN HIS RING COSTUME, WAS TALKING FURTIVELY WITH ANOTHER MAN IN THE ALLEYWAY BETWEEN THE CARAVANS...



GREG DUCKED INTO THE SHADOW OF ONE OF THE CARAVANS TO AVOID BEING SEEN...
AND BUMPED INTO THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF A MAN WHO WAS ALREADY HIDING THERE...



IN A MOMENT ALL THREE MEN RAN, TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND SLOW TO REACT, GREG WAS SUDDENLY ALONE...



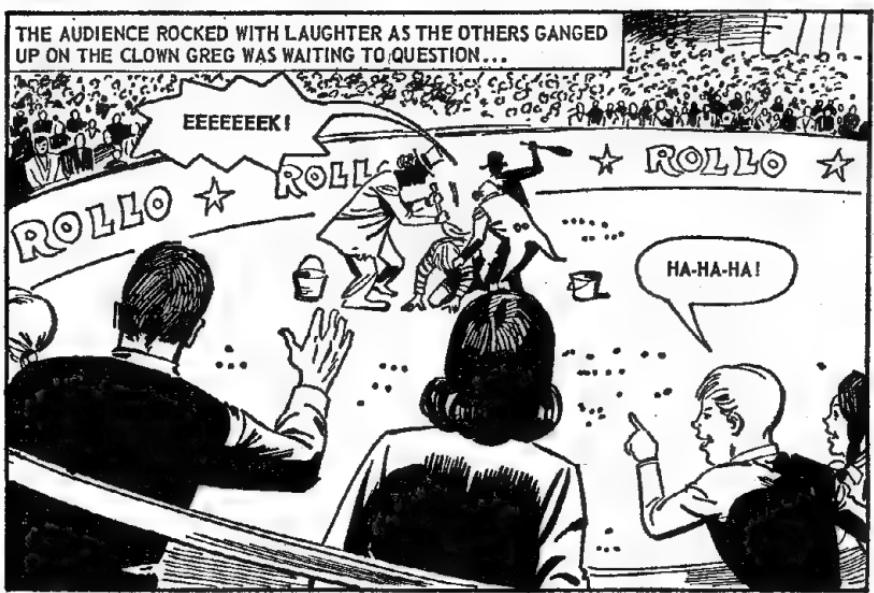
GREG MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE BIG TOP. ROLLO'S CIRCUS WAS IN FULL SWING BEFORE A PACKED AUDIENCE AND IN THE RING WAS THE CLOWN HE WAS LOOKING FOR...



GREG STOOD WATCHING THE CLOWNS IN THEIR KNOCKABOUT PAPER-HANGING ACT...



THE AUDIENCE ROCKED WITH LAUGHTER AS THE OTHERS GANGED UP ON THE CLOWN GREG WAS WAITING TO QUESTION...



THE GROTESQUE MOUTH OF THE LITTLE CLOWN GAPED IN COMIC TERROR AS THE FURIOUS BRUSHES SPLASHED PASTE ON HIS FACE...



EVEN GREG LAUGHED AT THE CLOWNS' CRAZY ANTICS...



AT THE CLIMAX OF THEIR ACT, THE THREE OTHER CLOWNS CARRIED THEIR PARTNER OUT OF THE RING INSIDE A GIANT ROLL OF WALLPAPER...



THEN A SIXTH SENSE, SOME UNCANNY FEELING OF FOREBODING MADE GREG LOOK BACK...



GREG KNELT TO THE ROLL OF WALLPAPER AND TUGGED IT OPEN, DRY-MOUTHED WITH SUDDEN FEAR...



THE DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION WAS BRIEF FOR THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO ...



GREG LISTENED NUMBLY TO THE BUSY VOICES...

WE MADE THE
PASTE FROM FLOUR
AND WATER AS USUAL,
MISTER ROLLO. NORM MIXED
IT HIMSELF, SAME AS
HE ALWAYS DID...



JACK ROLLO'S SMOOTH VOICE DID NOT CONVINCE GREG. HE KNEW, INSTINCTIVELY, THAT HE HAD JUST WITNESSED A COLD-BLOODED MURDER...

STILL SHOCKED GREG FOLLOWED BRAD CARSON FROM THE RING...

WELL,
KID? ARE
YOU WORKING FOR
ME, OR AREN'T
YOU?



BILL WAS WAITING INSIDE THE WALL OF DEATH...

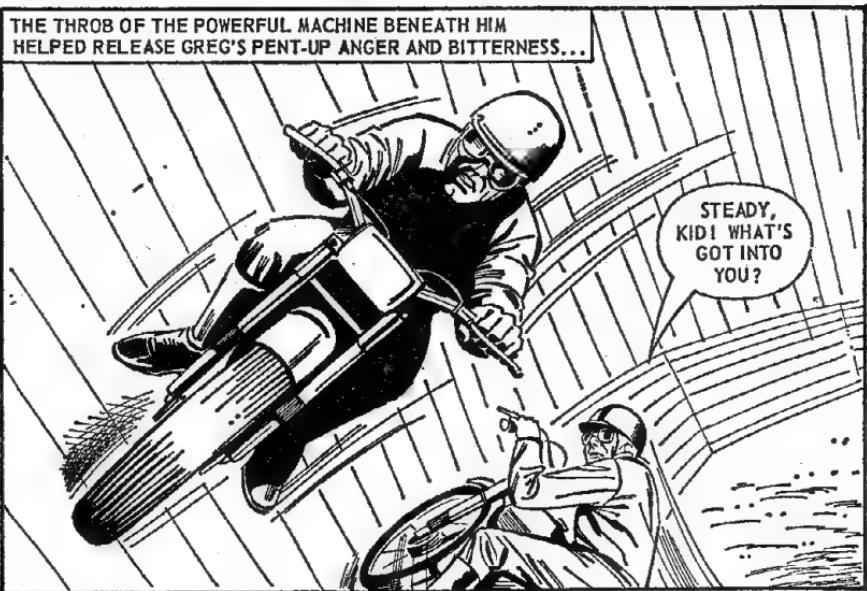
I HEARD
THE BUZZ,
GREG, THAT
POOR BLOKE
NEVER DID
ANYONE ANY
HARM...

BUT HE
MIGHT HAVE
DONE – SO
HE HAD TO
DIE!

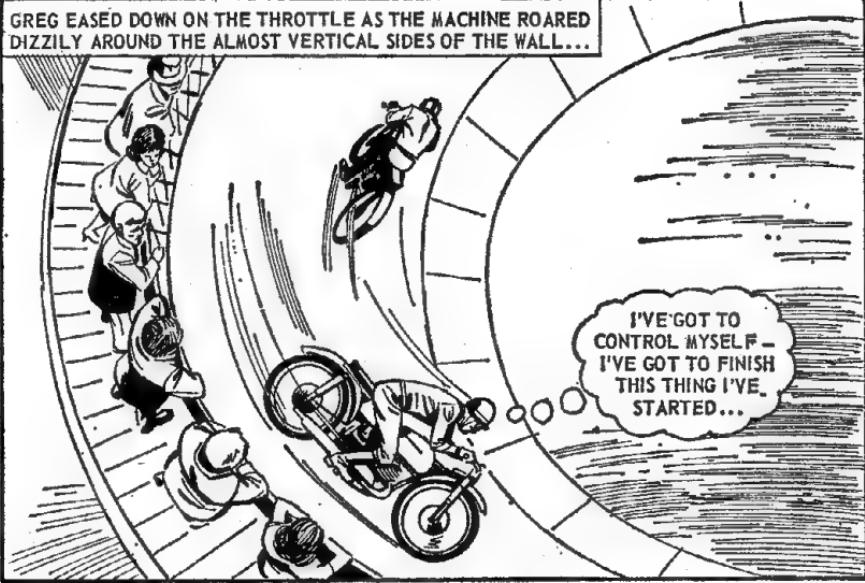


THE THROB OF THE POWERFUL MACHINE BENEATH HIM
HELPED RELEASE GREG'S PENT-UP ANGER AND BITTERNESS...

STEADY,
KID! WHAT'S
GOT INTO
YOU?

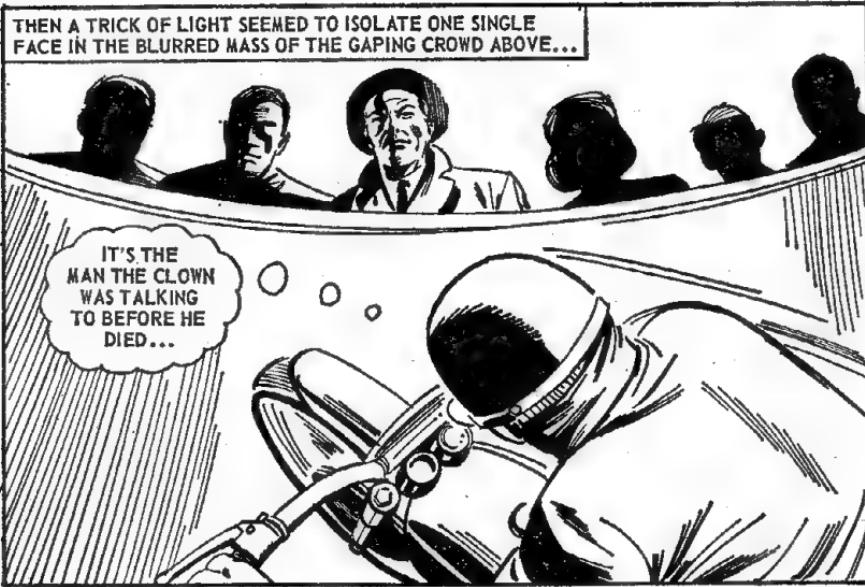


GREG EASED DOWN ON THE THROTTLE AS THE MACHINE ROARED DIZILY AROUND THE ALMOST VERTICAL SIDES OF THE WALL...



I'VE GOT TO
CONTROL MYSELF -
I'VE GOT TO FINISH
THIS THING I'VE
STARTED...

THEN A TRICK OF LIGHT SEEMED TO ISOLATE ONE SINGLE FACE IN THE BLURRED MASS OF THE Gaping CROWD ABOVE...



IT'S THE
MAN THE CLOWN
WAS TALKING
TO BEFORE HE
DIED...

SHOCK FROZE GREG'S HANDS ON THE CONTROLS FOR ONE VITAL, ALMOST FATAL SECOND...

LOOK OUT, YOU DUMB KID!

HECK... SORRY, BILL!



GREG PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER FOR THE REST OF THE SHOW, BUT BRAD CARSON WAS GOOD AND ANGRY WITH HIM...

ONE MORE SLIP LIKE THAT, LOMAX... AND YOU'RE OUT!



AS GREG WALKED OUT OF THE GLARING LIGHT OF THE BOOTH INTO THE SHADOWY FAIRGROUND...

THAT'S HIM AGAIN!



THE MAN LASHED OUT AT GREG WITH SUDDEN VICIOUS ANGER,
TAKING THE YOUNGSTER BY SURPRISE...



DAZED AND HELPLESS, GREG WAS HUSTLED
TO A SHUTTERED AND DESERTED BOOTH NEARBY...



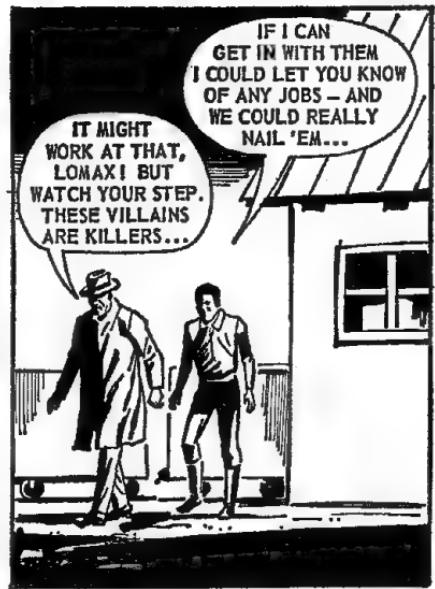
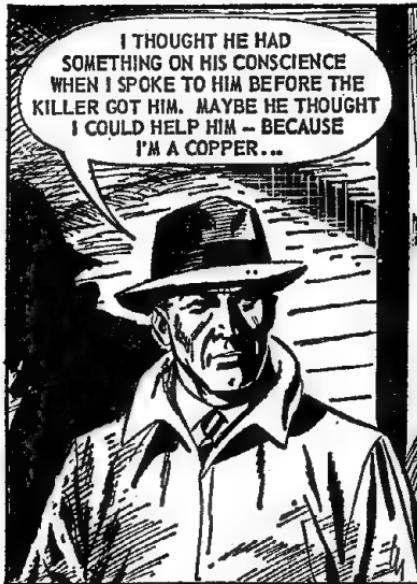
IN THE GROTESQUE SHADOWS OF THE GHOST TRAIN TUNNEL, GREG GOT A SECOND AND MORE WELCOME SHOCK...

NORM WAS A FRIEND OF MINE. AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO MURDERED HIM, AND WHY, EVEN IF I HAVE TO BUST UP THIS WHOLE Lousy CIRCUS...

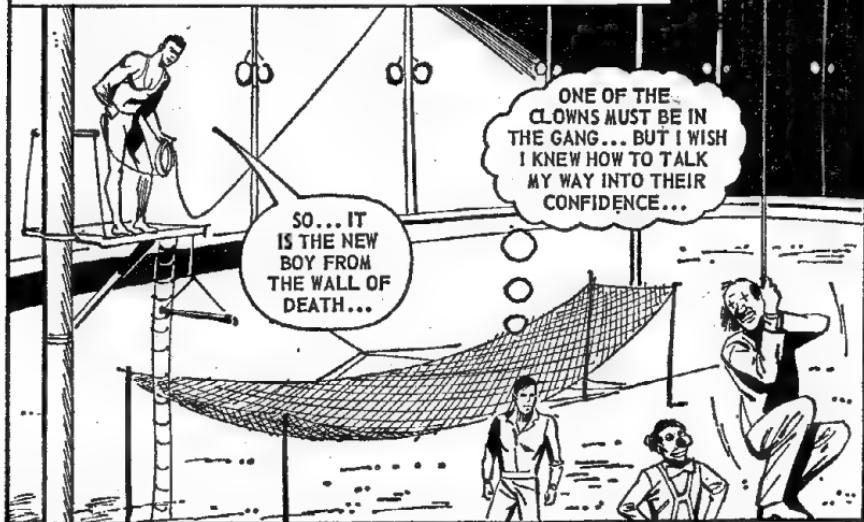
BUT THEN WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE...

GREG TALKED FAST...

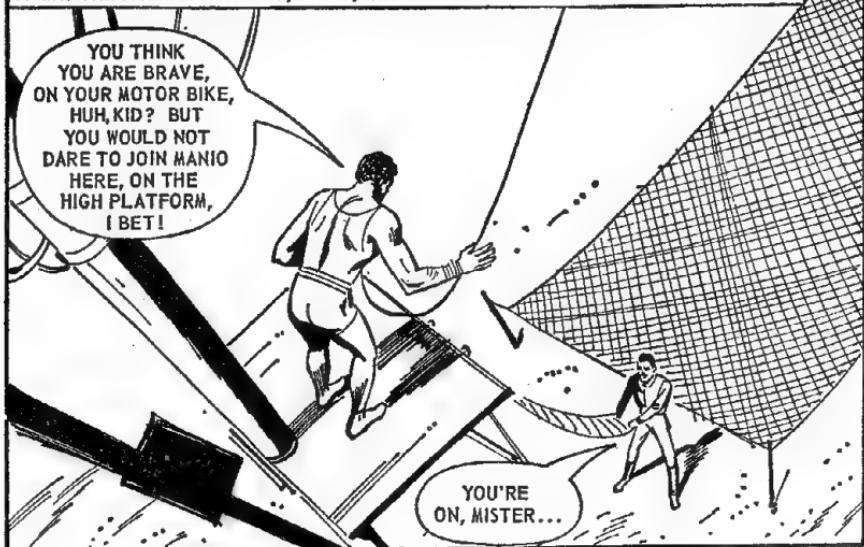
YOUR FRIEND WAS MIXED UP WITH A GANG OF THIEVES WHO NEARLY KILLED A PAL OF MINE. THAT WAS WHY I JOINED THE CIRCUS - TO NAIL THEM...



NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE CIRCUS STARS WERE REHEARSING IN THE BIG TOP, GREG WENT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. HE SOON FOUND IT...



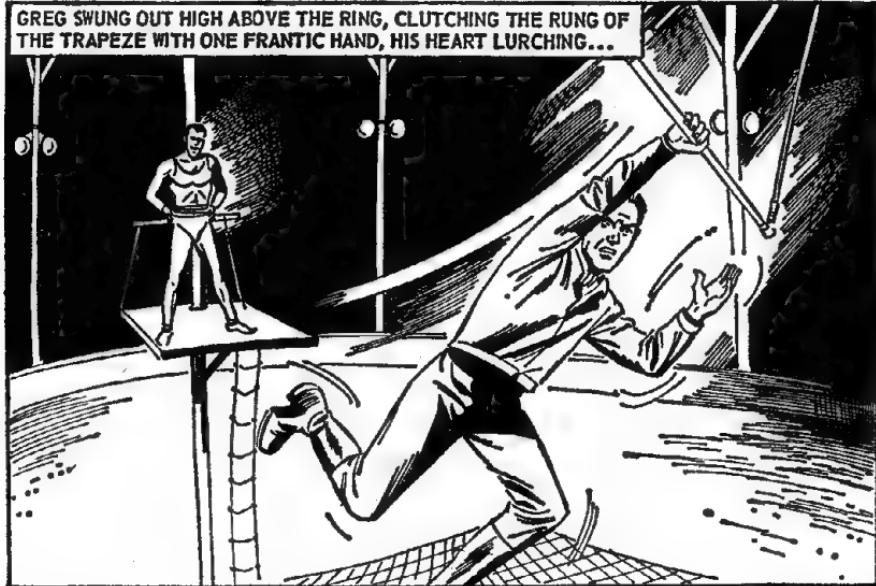
IT WAS THE ITALIAN ACROBAT, MANIO, WHO UNEXPECTEDLY MADE THE FIRST MOVE...



AS GREG CLIMBED UP TO JOIN HIM, THE ITALIAN SUDDENLY GRINNED - AND FREED THE ROPE WHICH HELD THE TRAPEZE...



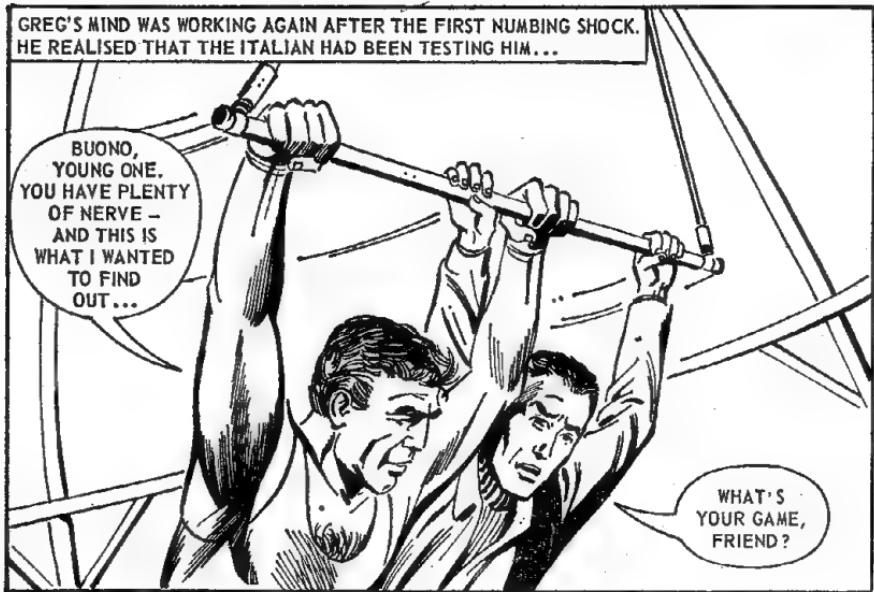
GREG SWUNG OUT HIGH ABOVE THE RING, CLUTCHING THE RUNG OF THE TRAPEZE WITH ONE FRANTIC HAND, HIS HEART LURCHING...



AS THE TRAPEZE SWUNG GREG BACK IN A LONG ARC TOWARDS THE PLATFORM, MANIO FLUNG HIMSELF FROM THE PLATFORM TOWARDS IT...



GREG'S MIND WAS WORKING AGAIN AFTER THE FIRST NUMBING SHOCK. HE REALISED THAT THE ITALIAN HAD BEEN TESTING HIM...





ONE OF THE CIRCUS CLOWNS, AND THE TIGHTROPE-SPECIALIST NAMED VICTOR, HAD BEEN WATCHING GREG AND MANIO FROM THE RING BELOW...



AFTER TEN MINUTES HARD TALK WITH MANIO, GREG HAD CARRIED OUT THE FIRST STAGE OF HIS PLAN...



THE CIRCUS OWNER, JACK ROLLO, AND BRAD CARSON HAD STROLLED INTO THE TENT AT THAT MOMENT...



ROLLO GAVE GREG A SMOOTH GRIN AS HE WALKED PAST...

YOU'RE
MAKING OUT
OKAY, KID. GLAD
YOU'VE JOINED
US...

THANKS,
MISTER
ROLLO! I
WON'T LET
YOU
DOWN...



WHAT DID
ROLLO WANT,
GREG?

OH NOTHING,
MISTER CARSON.
HE WAS JUST
PASSING THE TIME
OF DAY...



GREG LIKED AND RESPECTED THE VETERAN WALL OF DEATH OWNER. HE DID NOT WANT TO DRAG HIM INTO THE SORDID BUSINESS OF ROBBERY AND MURDER...

FOR THREE DAYS, GREG RODE THE WALL OF DEATH IN FRONT OF THE GAPPING FAIRGROUND CROWDS, BIDING HIS TIME, UNTIL...



AT NOON THAT DAY, GREG RANG THE C.I.D. OFFICE FROM A SOLITARY CALL-BOX ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AFTER THE LAST SHOW, GREG MADE FOR THE RENDEZVOUS POINT...



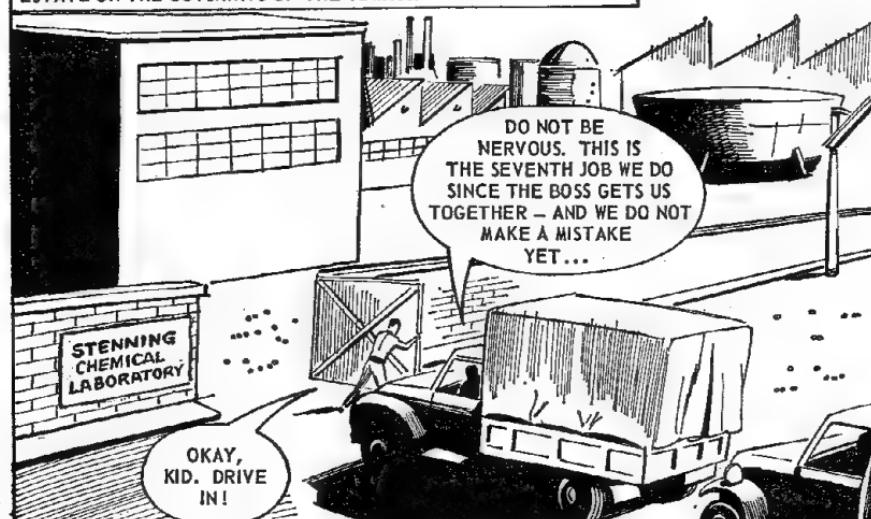
TIGHT-LIPPED, GREG CLIMBED INTO THE CAB AND DROVE THE TRUCK ON TO THE ROAD TO KILVERTON...



I WILL GUIDE YOU, KID. THERE'S A FACTORY ON THE TRADING ESTATE. THERE'S TWENTY THOUSAND IN THE OFFICE SAFE THERE TONIGHT...

BUT IT WILL NOT BE THERE TOMORROW MORNING!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, THE TWO TRUCKS REACHED THE TRADING ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...



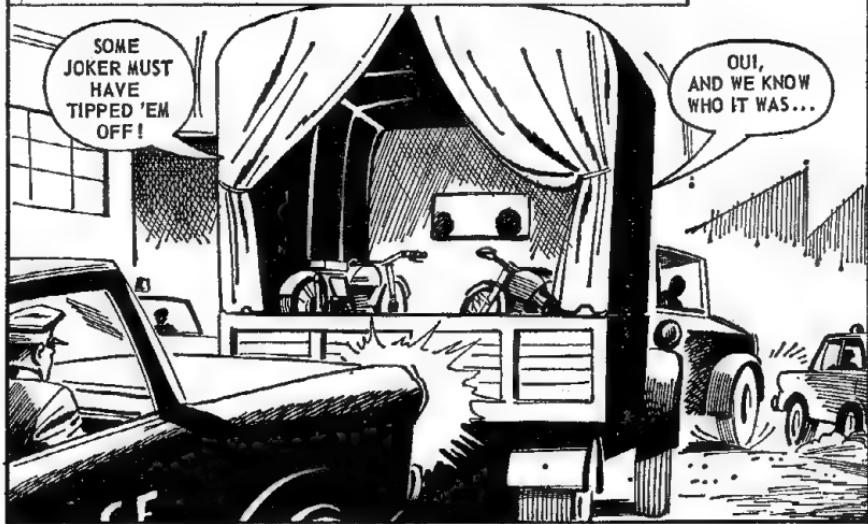
DO NOT BE NERVOUS. THIS IS THE SEVENTH JOB WE DO SINCE THE BOSS GETS US TOGETHER - AND WE DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE YET...

OKAY, KID. DRIVE IN!

AS THE TRUCKS SWUNG INTO THE FACTORY YARD, THE SUDDEN HARSH GLARE OF HEADLAMPS SPLIT THE DARKNESS...



A RADIO NET, MONITORED BY THE CAR SHADOWING THE TRUCKS, HAD BROUGHT A PACK OF PATROL CARS CONVERGING ON THE CIRCUS GANG...



VICTOR SWUNG A FIST AT GREG, KNOCKING HIM BACKWARDS OUT OF THE CAB...



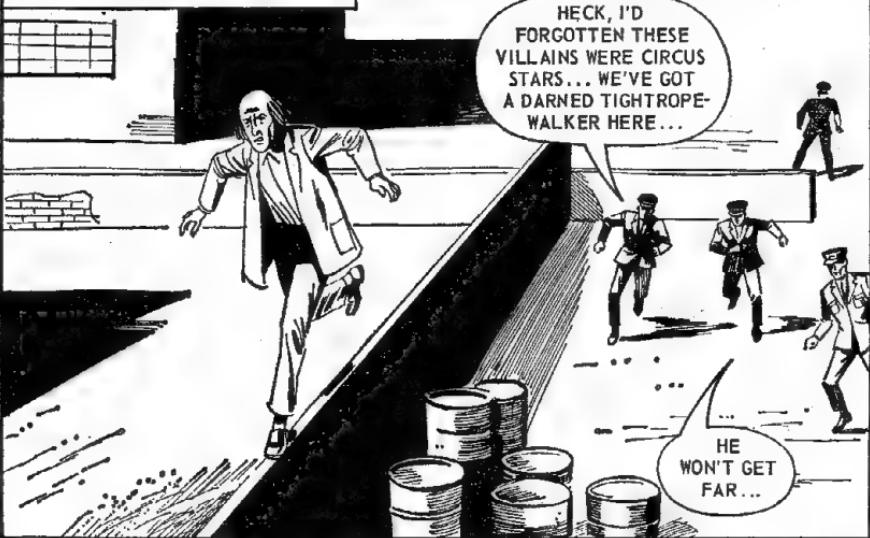
GREG LAY STUNNED FOR A MOMENT, AS THE POLICE WADED IN TO ROUND UP THE GANG...



VICTOR AND MANIO USED THEIR SPECIALISED TALENTS IN A LAST DESPERATE BID TO ESCAPE FROM THE POLICE NET...

HECK, I'D FORGOTTEN THESE VILLAINS WERE CIRCUS STARS... WE'VE GOT A DARNED TIGHTROPE-WALKER HERE...

HE WON'T GET FAR...



BUT THE NET HAD BEEN CAST TOO WIDE. THE FACTORY WAS NOW SWARMING WITH POLICEMEN.

OKAY, SARGE.
WE'VE GOT HIM CORNERED...

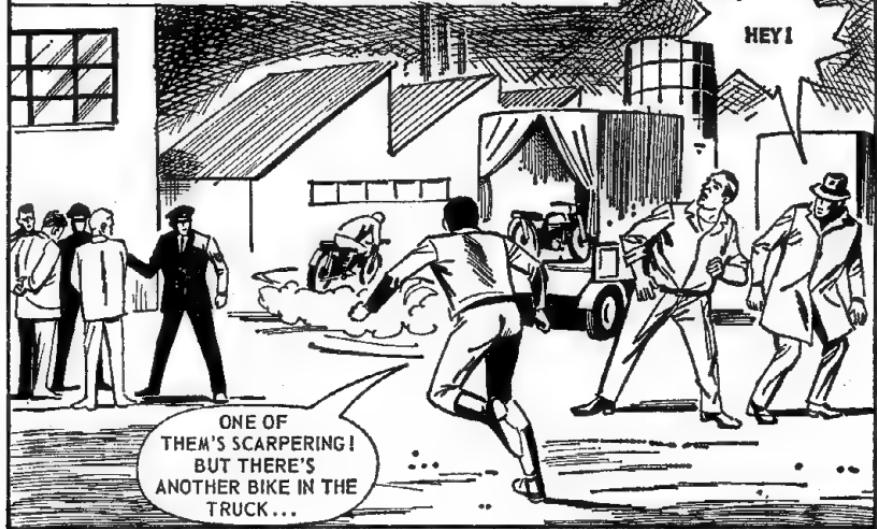
WATCH
HIM, MEN!



GREG STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET, SHAKING OFF THE EFFECTS OF VICTOR'S SAVAGE BLOW.



BUT EVEN AS GREG STARED AT THE C.I.D. MAN AND JACK ROLLO, THE ROAR OF A MOTOR BIKE ENGINE SHATTERED THE SILENCE...



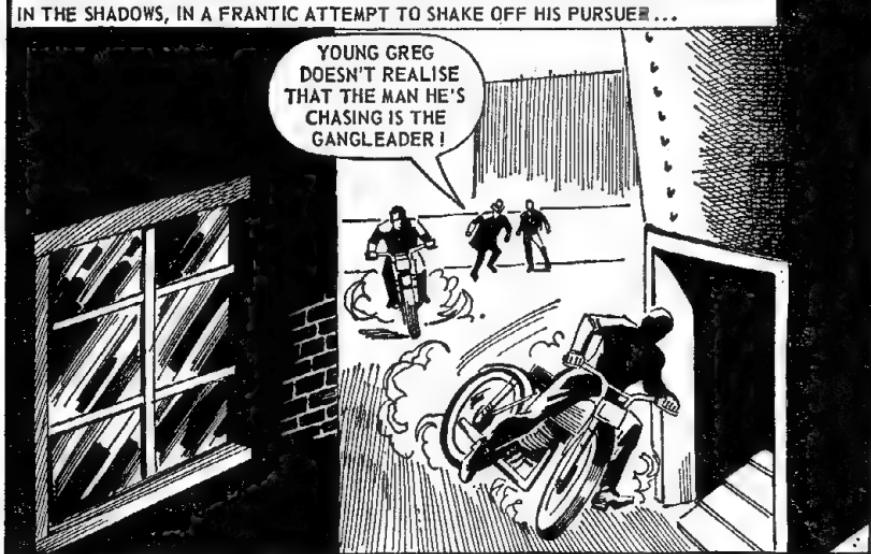
GREG HAULED THE BIKE FROM THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, AND FLUNG A LEG OVER THE SADDLE...



THE CIRCUS OWNER CLUTCHED AT LOCKYER AS THE DETECTIVE TURNED TO RUN...



THE FUGITIVE ON THE MOTOR BIKE SLEWED HIS MACHINE INTO A NARROW DOORWAY IN THE SHADOWS, IN A FRANTIC ATTEMPT TO SHAKE OFF HIS PURSUE...
...
YOUNG GREG
DOESN'T REALISE
THAT THE MAN HE'S
CHASING IS THE
GANGLEADER!



THE DOORWAY GAVE ACCESS TO THE BASE OF A VAST INVERTED BOWL OF STEEL...

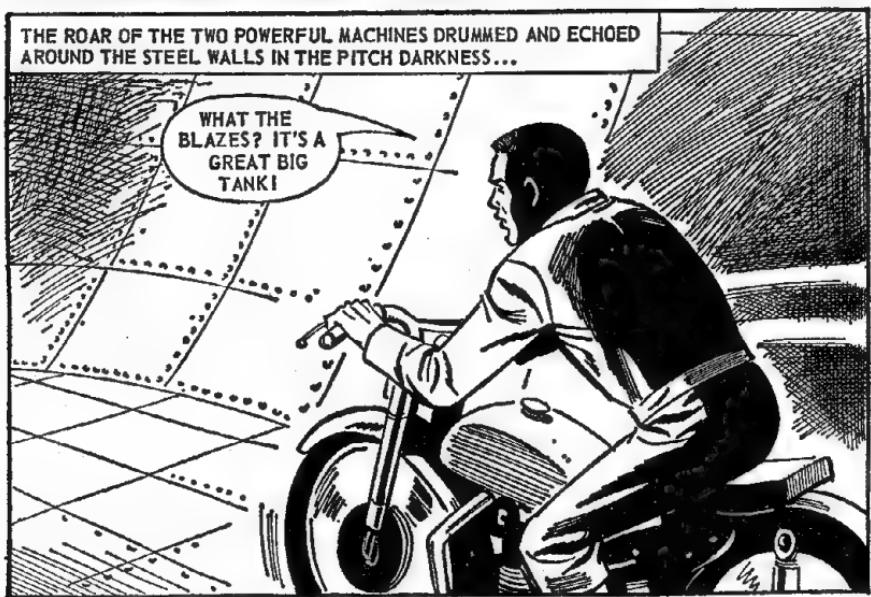
THE KID'S IN
GRAVE DANGER, ROLLO!
THE MAN HE'S CHASING IS NOT
ONLY THE GANG BOSS —
HE'S A KILLER!

HE'S LED
THE KID INTO AN
EMPTY STORAGE
TANK...

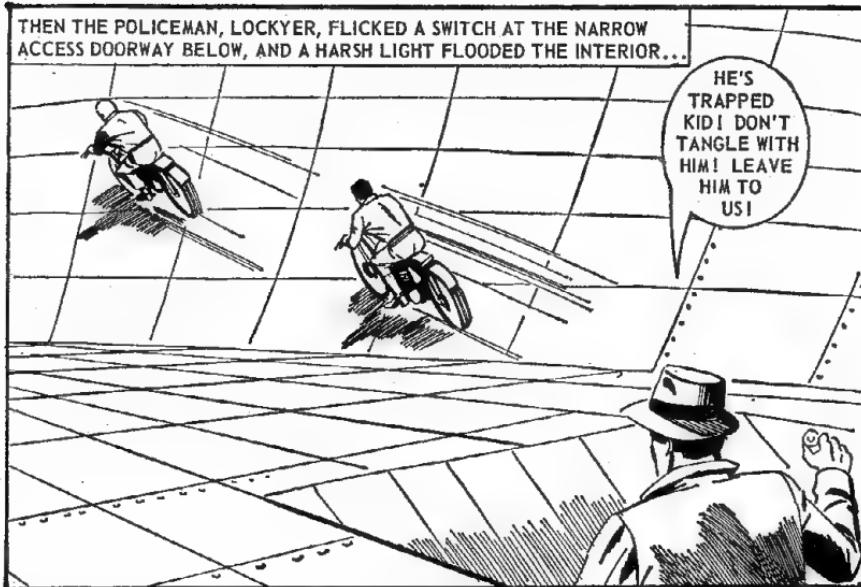


THE ROAR OF THE TWO POWERFUL MACHINES DRUMMED AND ECHOED
AROUND THE STEEL WALLS IN THE PITCH DARKNESS...

WHAT THE
BLAZES? IT'S A
GREAT BIG
TANK!

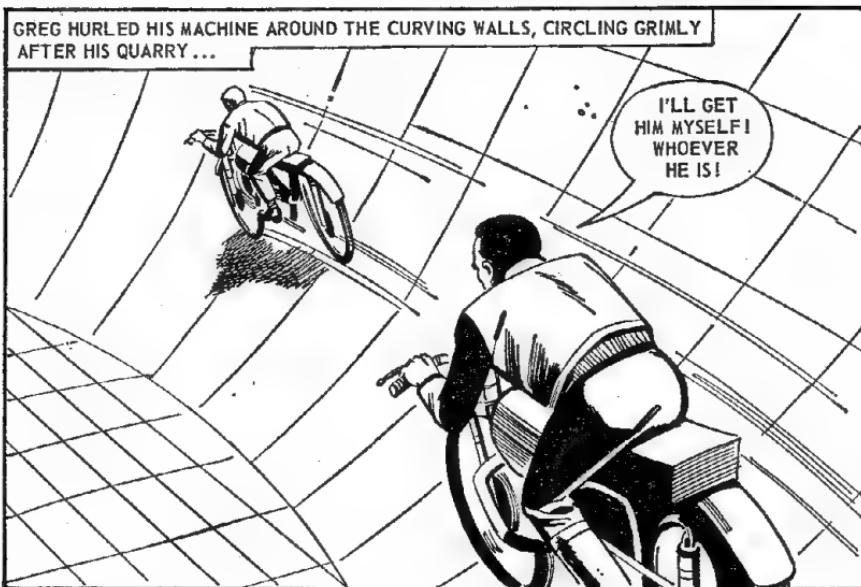


THEN THE POLICEMAN, LOCKYER, FLICKED A SWITCH AT THE NARROW ACCESS DOORWAY BELOW, AND A HARSH LIGHT FLOODED THE INTERIOR...



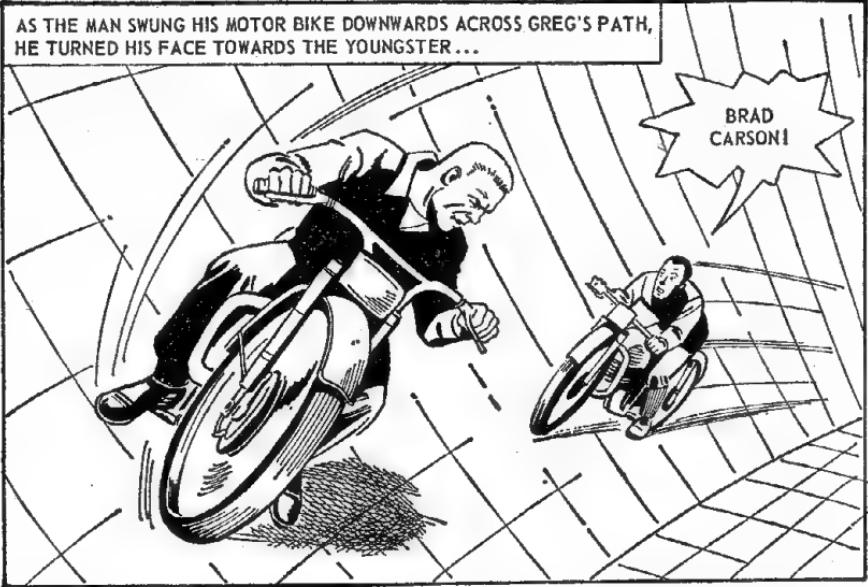
HE'S TRAPPED
KID I DON'T
TANGLE WITH
HIM! LEAVE
HIM TO
US!

GREG HURLED HIS MACHINE AROUND THE CURVING WALLS, CIRCLING GRIMLY AFTER HIS QUARRY ...



I'LL GET
HIM MYSELF!
WHOEVER
HE IS!

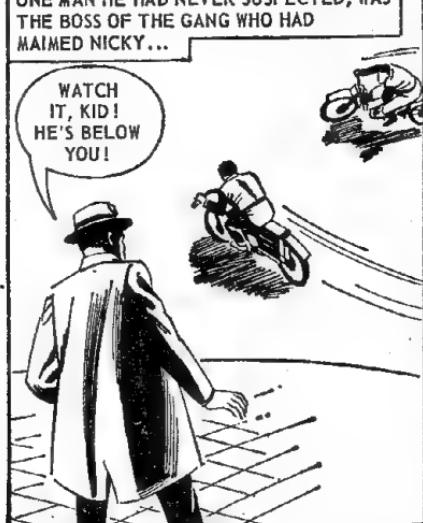
AS THE MAN SWUNG HIS MOTOR BIKE DOWNWARDS ACROSS GREG'S PATH,
HE TURNED HIS FACE TOWARDS THE YOUNGSTER...



BRAD
CARSON!

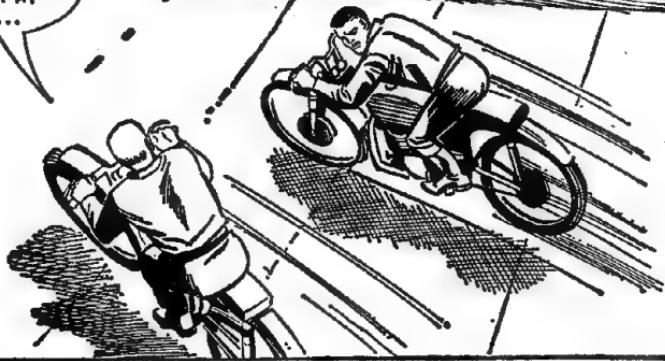
THE VETERAN GREG HAD TRUSTED, THE
ONE MAN HE HAD NEVER SUSPECTED, WAS
THE BOSS OF THE GANG WHO HAD
MAIMED NICKY...

AS BRAD CARSON CLOSED ON GREG, THE
YOUNGSTER COULD SEE THE MURDER
IN HIS EYES...



THE TWO MACHINES WERE HURTLING AROUND NOW AT THE VERY TOP OF THE TANK, JUST BELOW THE STEEL ROOF...

YOU TIPPED
OFF THE LAW,
LOMAX - NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO PAY
FOR IT...



AS BRAD CARSON CROWDED HIM MURDEROUSLY FROM BELOW, GREG
BRAKED COOLLY AND WRENCHED HIS FRONT WHEEL OVER...

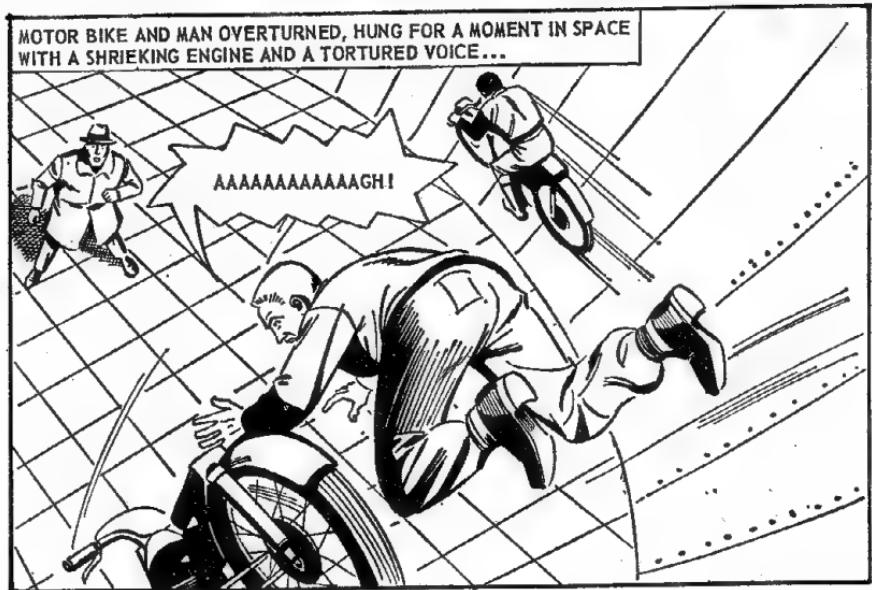
NO -
NO!



THE KILLER OVERSHOT. HE HAD NO ROOM TO TURN, AND NO TIME. HIS FRONT WHEEL HIT THE HORIZONTAL PLANE OF THE ROOF AND LOST TRACTION...



MOTOR BIKE AND MAN OVERTURNED, HUNG FOR A MOMENT IN SPACE WITH A SHRIEKING ENGINE AND A TORTURED VOICE...



THE DETECTIVE RAN TO THE CRUMPLED BODY OF BRAD CARSON...

MISTER
LOCKYER...
IS HE...?

YEAH,
KID, HE'S
DEAD...

I RECKON
THAT WRAPS
UP THE CASE,
KID...

ROLLO
WILL HAVE
TO GET A COUPLE
OF NEW ACTS
FOR HIS CIRCUS...
AND A NEW
MANAGER FOR THE
WALL OF
DEATH...

GREG LOMAX RODE BACK TO COLEPORT NEXT DAY. THERE WAS A
POLICE CAR WAITING IN THE FORECOURT OF THE HOSPITAL...

YOU
CAME HERE
TO MEET ME,
INSPECTOR?

YES, LOMAX.
SERGEANT LOCKYER
RANG ME FROM KILVERTON. I
RECKON I OWE YOU AN
APOLOGY...



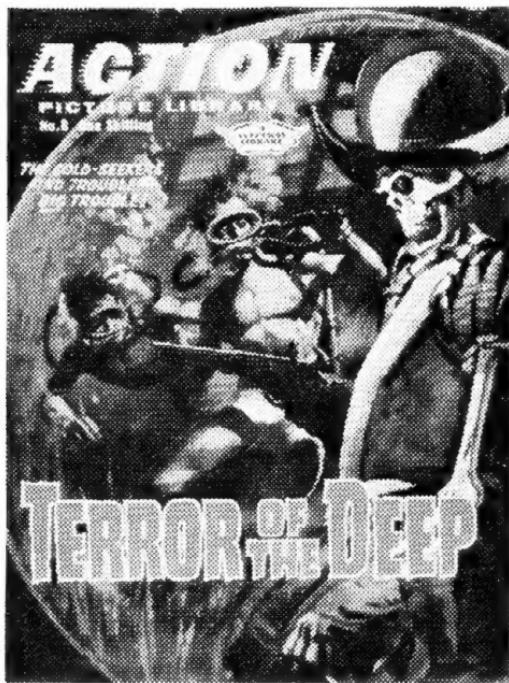


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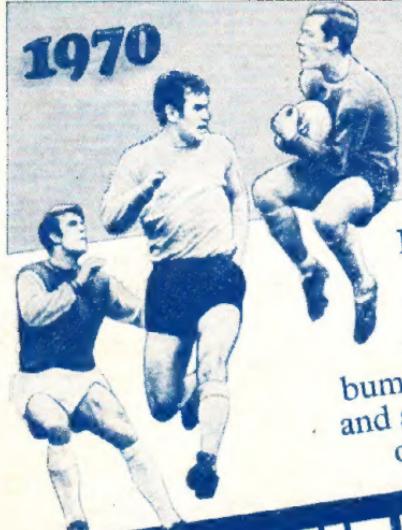
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